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Sparsas colligere frondes.

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In commencing the second volume of our lucubrations, we think it proper to announce to all, who may be desirous to communicate with us, that we have established a flying vehicle for the reception of their epistles. We shall occasionally alight in ten fums and visit this receptacle - which we hope to find stocked with ingenious and profitable matter. We would however warn our correspondents, carefully to draw the line of distinction, between

just satire and scandal. The one is often a powerful, but always a useful medicine, if properly administered to the body politic; the latter is a deadly and rancorous poison, corrupting and destroying by subtlest means the very vitals of social existence.

Most of the attempts of this nature which have hitherto made their appearance in this country and still constantly infest the regions of literature, are in their nature more like the first and second stages of ancient comedy than the refined wit and keen yet polished satire, employed by the British essayists and other writers of that nation. And in an especial particular wherever political enmity screens the guilt of the slanderer, or a difference in political creeds furnishes unmerited fertility in ingenious and abominable abuse, the rudest stages of satire, might blush for the productions thus given birth to.

At no age, and perhaps we may add with reason, in no country of the earth has the dæmon of party spirit exerted such uncontrouled and such malignant authority over the feelings, belief and actions of mankind, as at the present day, and in the United States. Not only are the purest principles and motives suspected, the best deeds misrepresented, but even talent, genius and knowledge are denied to him, who has refused to pin his faith upon the sleeve of some leading demagogue. Women take up the tale from the mouths of their relatives, and even affection cannot hallow, nature cannot excuse, the absurdity the strange infatuation of such petticoat politicians. A singular feeling, bordering perhaps upon contempt, has often arisen within us, when we have heard these political amazons, who only understand the dogmas of their sect sufficiently to retail its current abuse of its opponents

denounce a whole nation against whom their antipathy is awakened, and utterly deny them a single spark of virtue worth or valour.

Republics, in order properly to maintain their dignity and independence, should act for themselves, nor make their resolves dependent upon those of any other nation. How different appears the conduct of each of the leading parties in our country! Each is accused by its opponent, and too often tacitly submits to the accusation, of identifying its interests with one of the great nations of Europe. Each of these nations of course, becomes obnoxious to one of the political sects. Their manufactures, their literature, their every boast, is decried.

Without a proper degree of national vanity, true patriotism can perhaps rarely exist. But when this

are carried to such an extravagant length, the origin of such absurdity must be ignorance. It bespeaks too clearly the infancy of science, and proclaims with a voice loud as the thunder of the trump of Fame, that she who makes nations great, immortal & happy, has as yet scarce trod the country where such opinions prevail.

How then, may we not seek for a prominent cause of that deficiency in the scale of intellectual greatness, which even the candid American is compelled to confess, as the deepest disgrace which blots his country's reputation? — The love of gain, the fever of enterprise the modern date of the settlement of the western world, the infancy of our existence as a separate nation, have each in their turn been alleged, as the reasons of our inferiority, by those who have allowed the conclusion, and endea-

vowed to draw such premises, as should seem to be most agreeable to reason, and at the same time best calculated to initate national pride.... others have often indeed, with far more zeal than justice denied the conclusion altogether. A third class, who have been mostly foreigners, attempt to account for the fact, by a far more disgraceful mode of reasoning: and have assigned incapacity resulting from natural as well as moral causes, as the source of our want of literature. Such an hypothesis is not worthy of being combatted — the concession of answering such calumnies, would be the worst possible apology for our character. To notice then the excuses of the first class of reasoners we may observe that the most disgraceful cause which they have assigned is the most insufficient. For evidently, although our nation is young, we

are as civilized, as the rest of the world; we commenced our career at an auspicious era in science; and though there is no temptation for men of letters to emigrate voluntarily from their own country, and diffuse their light among us, still we have all the advantages of books, and may reap as much benefit from them as our transatlantic brethren. Let us be understood as excluding antiquities and similar studies, which at least may be dispensed with, without any material detriment. Literature, then wants encouragement, or in other words the nine must wait upon Plutus, the chief of all the deities of Olympus. This we consider undoubtedly, as one of the causes, which have had such a baneful influence in checking the flights of fancy, the aspirations of genius and the deep workings of profound intellect. But party spirit is another

monster whose bellowings frighten from
our shores the gentler spirits of life:
Nature, whose hundred heads Herculean
bear genius alone can overcrush.
It is a lamentable truth, that when
an author here publishes a book, the
first inquiry is, what is his political
creed? and that with half of our
population is made the touchstone
of his merits. No matter how remote
the subject from church or state—
like Aaron's rod, this creed in the all
important particular, swallows up
all his other qualities.

Again, it is in our public
prints, that the majority of smaller
productions make their appearance.
The author naturally consults here
his bias in favour of editors; and thus
he is read by only one party, while
he is held in detestation by the
other.

and it is also a lamentable fact, that even this author himself in our western world, finds it a difficult thing to refrain from introducing his political sentiments into whatever work he undertakes; or rather does introduce them, through device; thus effectually destroying his credit, with one half of society. So completely does this all pervading principle influence the feelings and very brain of all. The last observation I shall make on this subject is, that the great proportion of political pamphlets, which are every day published among us, and read with more avidity than any other species of composition, tend to identify literature and politics.

But while we blush for our country, let us reflect that the faults of other nations, afford matter of consolation, if that old proverb be correct that "misery loves company" and let us remember, that the two weakest of Great Britain, are too often gover-

by foreign motives, in deciding on works which are purely scientific.

Similar remarks might be made, with respect to the influence of religious belief — when an author once stands forward among us, the champion of any particular sect; those who have combatted him upon that ground, will never allow him merit on any other.

Often have we seen too, that most improper amalgamation of politicks and religion, in which injustifiable conjunction the aetherial spirit of Christian charity formed not the smallest ingredient.

We have insensibly taken a much wider range, than we at first intended; while the scanty limits of a single number has made us present our remarks, in a contracted form. Often we fear without much connection. To return however from whence we

first digested – it is certainly an easy task, to shun all the errors of failure we have enumerated, and laith the follies of the times, without interfering either with church or state. And the periodical, is certainly the most proper form for such a design to be executed in.

To suggest any thing novel now on such topics, is by no means a thing that many can perform. So wide a range have the British Essayists taken, that what they have left resembles an unknown country, whose existence alone is certain, but whose local situation is involved in doubt. Some bold and able navigator must undertake the work of discovery, in both instances. Fashions and manners it is true, are constantly fluctuating, and continually fit subjects

for criticism. But these of themselves afford but a narrow range; and human nature is constantly the same. A coquette of the present day, is pretty much like one in that of the Spectator, though she may have ceased to patch her face, or to wear a hoop petticoat— A beau and a fop are still the same in essence though periwigs and swords and ruffles are out of fashion.

Satire of this nature, has been however successfully attempted in our own country; and Salmagundi though it cannot contest the palm with the Spectator, Tatler & Gaurdian deservedly had received the patronage and admiration of our country men, while its fame will not die, with the ephemeral follies it ridiculed.

S.